

HERE'S A GRANDPA BOXER THE BURLESQUE QUEEN



Joe Lanum.

San Francisco has turned out a number of boxing champions and several near champions, but it has capped the climax by turning out a boxer who is a grandfather.

Joe Lanum is his name and he is a fair to middling heavyweight. His last battle was with Gunboat Smith, before whom he succumbed after seven rounds of fast fighting.

Lanum has met all of the San Francisco heavyweights and has invariably given a good account of himself, despite his years. He is powerfully built, quick as a youth and has a heavy punch, but lacks in cleverness.

Lanum was married quite young, as were his children. He is past 40, and still willing to fight.

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"I see one of our big corporations is going to do something for its old clerks."

"Good luck to 'em! What form will it take?"

"Well, after a man has been with them for twenty-five years they're going to give him a gold stripe on his sleeve."

By Berton Braley.

She started in life as a chorus dame,

With a regular Broadway show,

And she rose to a sporty sort of fame

With the Johnnies on Lobster Row.

She married a sport and got a divorce

(That followed along as a matter of course),

And alimony was her recourse,
For it gave her the coin to blow.

She took a whirl at the stage again.

But the pace that she went had told;

She couldn't get down to a "hundred ten"

And her voice was cracked and old,

And she bowed to the will of fate
And joined burlesque, where they go by weight

(Two hundred pounds is her present weight,

And getting fatter, I'm told.

So now she waddles in sky blue tights

Through a chaos of foolish scenes.

Even burlesque has few such sights,

Such heavy weight actorines.

Her face is puffy and roughed to pink,

Her eyes are swollen from tears and drink;

There's a moral in this tale, I think,

If you'll read between the lines.